

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1920

## Mysteries of the Love Bug Solved by Science

**Rich Girls Marry Chauffeurs  
Boys First Adore Older Women  
Is "Love at First Sight"**  
BELOW ARE EXPLANATIONS

By Marguerite Dean.

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

"Why do the daughters of the rich often marry chauffeurs and the sons of peons marry with chorus girls? What is the explanation of love at first sight? Of the common illusion among lovers that they have met the beloved one in a previous



HARVEY O'HIGGINS

existence? Of the poets' theory that a loving couple are two halves of a divided personality now happily reunited? "Why do young boys usually fall in love first with older women, and what is the attraction that elderly women have for young girls? "Why does a wife so often think of her husband as a great child, even while he has exactly the same superior parental attitude toward her? "Why is a girl who was a coquette before marriage so rarely contented in her married life?"

Science has found the solution to these problems of the heart. "Ask the doctor," he is the right sort of doctor—and he will give you the true answers to these questions which have puzzled lovers, their parents and novelists for generations.

Such a doctor and his theories of the new science and mental treatment, psychoanalysis, are described in terms anybody can understand by that clever writer, Harvey O'Higgins, in his latest book, "The Secret Springs." The book is published by Harper & Brothers, and is a popular explanation of the discoveries of Freud, whose name has been taken in vain by so many of us who have never read through the solid volumes.

In brief, Mr. O'Higgins and his "Doctor X" explain that many of the troubles and inconsistencies of our love affairs are due to the fact that we really are in love with "mother images" or "father images"—sometimes rejuvenated, sometimes unjuvenated. That is, we are attracted, in our romances, by the qualities which characterized those persons we first loved—our parents—and who still dominate our subconscious selves.

If these qualities are "rejuvenated"—that is, worked over and retrimmed in romantic day-dreams—we have a fair chance of happiness. But disillusionment and disappointment usually await the woman who always expects her husband to be a father to her, instead of a lover and comrade; and the man who marries a woman because she is the nearest thing he can find to his mother is also likely to be thwarted in happy marriage relations.

Now how does this theory answer the questions quoted at the beginning of the story?

Rich girls marry chauffeurs and rich men go into the chorus for their wives, according to Mr. Higgins, "because the children of the rich are so often left to the sole care of servants at the time when the love image is being formed in the subconscious mind. As a consequence, a chauffeur or a chorus girl, reproducing some characteristic of this debased image, sets the spark to the whole train of instinctive love."

It is, literally, "your little dream girl" who is responsible for love at first sight, in this philosophy of the tender emotion. Your dream image, carried around in your subconscious mind, of a pair of beautiful hands—perhaps like your mother's, or of a lovely ideal with curly brown hair and brown eyes, may arouse instantly all the emotions of love when you meet its realization in actual life.

This dream image is also responsible for the feeling known to many lovers, that they have loved in some other life, and for the Platonic theory that a man and woman in love are the two halves of one complete being.

The persistence of the "father image" and the "mother image" is what makes the young often fall in love for the first time with persons several years their senior.

For the same psychological reason Mr. O'Higgins points out, "the husband will have moments in which he will want his wife to be a mother to him; he will love her and obey her childishly—particularly when he is ill. The wife will have similar moments, in which she will be happy to act as if her husband were her father particularly if she has involved herself in difficulties with financial affairs."

Obviously, these moments will conflict. The wife who most consistently daughter-like and dutiful will also know that her husband is "nothing but a great child," because she has observed him in moments when he demanded nothing. And the husband will be enraged to find himself treated as if he were a child at times when he has consciously promised to love, honor and obey one man.

So now you know!

## THE JARR FAMILY

BY ROY L. MCCARDELL

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

BEING good friends, Mr. Jarr and Mr. Rangle were coming home in the car together, tired from the cares of the business day, and not speaking to each other. Finally Mr. Jarr put down his paper as they neared the street where they both got off, and remarked, "Say, now that I remember it—wasn't my wife to be at your house this evening?"

"By George!" replied Mr. Rangle. "I had forgotten it. Today is my wife's birthday. I was to bring you home with me to dinner. Mrs. Jarr is to be there, and a few friends—just an informal little affair, you know. I was to drop in at the office and get you. It's lucky you remembered it, and it's luckier still we met!"

"Let's get off here and I'll get a nice bunch of flowers for your wife," said Mr. Jarr, "roses and chrysanthemums. You know women set quite a store by those little anniversary being remembered that way."

"Sure they do," said Rangle. "They get mighty sore if you forget such occasions."

"You said it then, you sure said something!" remarked Mr. Jarr, "and for that reason I am going to bring your wife a fine bunch of posies."

"Patience home industry," advised Mr. Rangle. "I am in politics in our district, you know. Not enough to go bail for anybody, but enough that places me in a position where I must patronize the tradesmen of the district. Nick, the Greek, has a nice flower store near the corner, we'll get them there."

When Nick, the Greek, was told of the occasion the flowers were to grace he grew sentimental.

"Pretty fine you don't wait for your wife's funeral," he said. "Most ginks around here geeva da wife da black eye, but no flowers till she die!"

And so overcome was he with the moral appreciation of a living wife of his present customers that he gave them double measure of chrysanthemums and roses and insisted on taking the purchases into the back of his store and opening a bottle of Greek red wine.

Lawyer Hooligan, a political attorney, recently moved to the district, entered the back room at this point, and he being sentimental and also learned in the language of the flowers, recited poetry to the effect that women in our hours of sorrow were uncertain, coy and hard to please. "But!" thundered Lawyer Hooligan, pointing a petulant finger at Nick, the Greek, "that you might mark the application. 'But' seen too often, familiar with her face," Lawyer Hooligan added, "we first endure, then pity, and then embrace."

At this point Mr. Rangle, who, in anticipation of the anniversary feast at home, helped himself again to the Greek wine, burst into tears.

Restoratives were applied and Lawyer Hooligan volunteered to assist Mr. Jarr home with Mr. Rangle and the flowers. But Lawyer Hooligan found no poetical quotation suitable to what followed.

An irate pair of ladies met Lawyer Hooligan at the doorway of the Rangle domicile and tore his clothes from him and threw the flowers, which he was bearing, in his face.

Then the door was slammed in the face of the surprised lawyer.

Mrs. Rangle's birthday party has been a topic that has since been avoided by mutual consent. But Mrs. Jarr and Mr. Rangle are agreed on one matter. If they ever are to divorce, Lawyer Hooligan shall not represent them.

# The Evening World DAILY MAGAZINE

## Can You Beat It!

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By Maurice Ketten



## Make Your Own Christmas Candy

By Fay Stevenson.

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

CHRISTMAS is on its way and it's high time to begin thinking about candy. With all the best candy at \$1 and UP per pound it is also time to think about making one's own candy. Sugar is now 10 and 9 1/2 cents per pound and coming down all the time, so there ought to be plenty of good, wholesome candy in every home this year. And candy is one thing which can be made in the tiniest of kitchenettes. In fact, all one needs is just one burner and one saucepan!

But of course candy-making is more or less of a business and like cake or pastry it takes "experience" to make home sugar concoctions taste or look like "store candy." The average school girl and housewife is pretty well posted on making fudge or taffy, but that is about as far as their candy education goes. And yet there are many delightful nut candies and rich fondants which are most simple to make.

Why not practise up a bit on the following recipes and become proficient by holiday time?

**Cream Chocolates**—(made without boiling)—Put the white of an egg and an equal quantity of cold water into a bowl, flavor with vanilla and beat until frothy. Sift in sufficient confectioners' sugar to make a stiff paste, work all together until smooth, form into balls, lay on waxed paper and set in a cool, dry place for two or three hours. Then put one-half cake of unsweetened chocolate into a pan with just enough water to melt and not burn. When this thickens, put one cream ball at a time on the end of a fork, dip into the melted chocolate until well covered, drain and slip on greased paper.

**French Candy**—Take the white of an egg and an equal quantity of lemon or orange juice. Mix well together and add confectioners' sugar until the whole is stiff enough to roll into balls. Then dip in chocolate.

**Old Fashioned Butter-Scotch**—Put two pounds of brown sugar in a kettle with one-quarter pound of butter. Set over the fire to melt. Let boil until thick, stirring all the while to



Candy Prices Are Still Way Up; Sugar Is Coming Down—You Have the Kitchenette—Here Are the Recipes and Your Opportunity

prevent scorching. Take from the stove, pour into buttered trays and cut into squares.

**Molasses Taffy**—Two cups of brown sugar, cup and one-half of molasses, butter size of a walnut. Boil until it will crack when tested in cold water, then cool and pull.

**Fudge**—Put in a saucepan two cups of granulated sugar, four sections of unsweetened chocolate cut in fine pieces, two heaping tablespoons of butter and one cup of milk. Cook about twenty-five minutes or until candy gives promise of "fudging." Pour into buttered pan and mark off into squares. For Maple Fudge substitute maple sugar for chocolate and if a delicious confection is desired use cream instead of milk and add chopped walnuts.

**Cream Dates**—Remove the stones from dates, make the cream as in cream chocolates, without boiling, roll into oblong shape, put into the date where the stone was removed, press the two halves together and

roll the whole in powdered sugar.

**Walnut Creams**—Take the half-nuts carefully from the shells, in order not to break them; make the cream candy according to the directions for the chocolate cream, without boiling, and press half a nut on each side of the balls of candy while they are soft, pressing them so as to flatten the cream.

**Nut Bars**—Almonds, almonds, English walnuts or pecans may be used for this candy. Prepare the nuts and chop. Grease a pan with fresh butter and place nuts in it, spreading evenly. Put one pound of granulated sugar, with half a teaspoon of water and a pinch of cream of tartar into a kettle and boil until thick, but not brittle. Pour the syrup over the nuts and cool.

**Maple Caramels**—Make a rich syrup by boiling down a case of maple sugar with a little water. To three cups of this syrup add two cups of light-brown sugar, three tablespoons of glucose, and one-half

cup of boiling water. Stir all together, the hot until it reaches the caramel stage. Now add a cup of sweet cream, three tablespoons of butter and let boil until candy snaps when dropped in cold water. Pour on buttered pans, cut into blocks and wrap in paraffin paper.

**Maple Balls**—Chop into bits and boil one pound of fire; when soft, strain and press through a sieve, retain the water in which they were boiled, which should be reduced to one cup. Stir in two pounds of granulated sugar and cold water. When thick paste is formed, pour into two pans and dust with powdered sugar.

**Maple Balls**—Cook, without stirring, two cups of grated or fine maple sugar and one cup of water. When it reaches the hard-ball stage, add one heaping tablespoonful of butter. Remove from the fire and beat until creamy. When cold enough to handle, make into balls and put half an English walnut or hickory nut on each side.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1920

## NOISY NEIGHBORS

The Barking Dog by Night—The Constantly Jazzing Phonograph by Day; Both Permissible at the Right Time and in the Right Place—But the Latter Is Not a City Apartment.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

NOW that people are indoors most of the time, several communications have come, which complain bitterly of the needless noises made by thoughtless neighbors.

One of them tells of her great annoyance caused by the barking of a neighbor's dog, which the woman has endured for years, being loath to move from her very pleasant apartment.

I never realized how much havoc the barking of a dog could work in disturbing one's rest until the other morning when I was awakened from a deep sleep by the howl of a canine who has recently been acquired by a family nearby.

And every morning since, in the very early hours, this hound sets up a howl that must cause great discomfort to every one within hearing distance.

I don't intend that that dog shall annoy me for very long. I will speak kindly and graciously to the people who own it, and try to explain how sometimes I have to work very late at night, and how my bit of rest I get in the early morning is entirely dispelled because of their animal.

If these people do not see that it is infinitely unfair to have such a dog about, I shall immediately take the matter up with the proper authority, and see to it that something is done about it.

I shall not fail to do this, not only for my own interest, but because it is my civic duty to do it. The day will come when the rights of the person living next door to one who permits howling noises will be more quickly adjusted.

In the interim, however, we must each have sufficient civic spirit to see a thing like this through for the benefit of all concerned.

I love dogs. I know of no more faithful animal, and have never failed in these columns to urge consideration for this, man's best friend.

But I am beginning to believe, because of the many communications that I receive, that the dog has no place in the average apartment of a rightfully congested city like New York proper.

There will come the day when there will be a zone, inside of which these kinds of pets will be prohibited. Does this seem unkind, gentle reader, to those who love dogs? Not at all.

It merely means that the family that has children, who want such pets, and even adults, will find a place, in Flatbush, Bay Ridge, Borough Park, Garden City or some other nearby section where dogs can be made comfortable and happy and where there is less chance for them to be harassed into barking.

I am confident that there will be a clean line of demarcation drawn whereby any animal, no matter how cute or sweet or petlike to the person who owns it, if it gives offense to others will be properly dealt with and stopped.

This is only one of the petty kinds of noises that people are tortured with that if all summed up would really make a mountain of suffering in the long run.

Certainly, great big dogs are out of place in small apartments, with the crowded condition of cities.

Another one of these nuisances tells of a phonograph that is kept going from morning till night all day Sunday. Now certainly there can be no argument against having music in your home—any kind you want. But it is surely unkind, to say the least, to keep a phonograph going hour after hour, so that the tolerance

of neighbors is stretched beyond endurance.

This woman tells how the whole day of her family is spoiled by this constant high-pitched phonograph which never stops on the so-called "day of rest."

Play your phonograph with all the jazz you want, but in all fairness don't keep it going all the time.

And so I could go on and tell of noisy neighbors who never think about the people around them and are selfish beyond measure.

These people ought to be taught something of the Golden Rule, some way, somehow. Some day statutes will fix it.

In the mean time, in the vernacular, "Have a heart."

## MAXIMS OF A MODERN MAID

MARGUERITE MOORE MARKS

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

LOVE is a grab-bag from which you may pluck a large number of different experiences—no one of them worth more than 10 cents.

No really clever man ever bothers to be a tempter; it is so much easier to persuade a desired woman that she is the temptress.

Praise a woman for her brain if you want its services; praise her for her beauty if you want her society; but if you desire to possess her, body, mind and soul, pay your homage to her youth.

Not getting up for breakfast; missing a train by refusing to run a few steps; letting your young sons face your shoes, put coal on your furnace fire, and fetch matches for your pipe—these are expressions of the fine art of laziness, as cultivated by the modern man.

It is only vanity which keeps any woman from being a successful conversationalist, since to attain that end she need only ask a question about his job, his golf or his health, and then let the heathen rage.

Once upon a time there was an art of coquetry, but nowadays a man uses the same methods of dash, close calculation and bribery for landing a girl as for landing a contract.

The test of being happily married is to meet a man you used to know and be left with a great wonderment as to why in the world you ever took him seriously.

While a man is weighing a meditated impertinence against a possible snub, a clever woman is changing the subject.

Nobody discusses flivers with such lofty contempt as the man who can't afford to buy one.



600 million minutes saved

FOR 50 years thousands of housewives have saved hours each day by choosing H-O for their Oatmeal.

Steam cooking in the Hornby Kitchens eliminates hours of cooking in your home.

This table is from U. S. Health Education Bulletin No. 2. See how Oatmeal leads in nourishment!

Oatmeal.....	2,500	Rye flour.....	1,150	White wheat	
Flour.....	2,300	Cornmeal.....	1,850	Flour.....	1,850
A wheat cereal.....	2,500	Macaroni.....	1,350	Hominy.....	1,150
Graham flour.....	2,200	Another cereal.....	1,550	Rice (white).....	1,150
Barley.....	1,150	Parsnips.....	1,350	Corn flakes.....	1,150

THE H-O COMPANY Dept. B, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I want some more"

**H-O**  
HORNBY'S OATMEAL

Send your grocer's name and we will send you free, enough H-O for a meal for six persons